

Feb 16 1964
Vicksburg, Miss

Mr Jack Ruby,
Sir,

Have researched your
case on T.V. and so forth. The
way you have really blamed of
God. Please take this tiny
Bible and place in your
shirt pocket. And place your
hand upon it when the going
gets rough. He is the only one
who can help. God be with
you now and always. And
may he be with your family
and comfort them. And know
that you have people who
are interested.

In Jesus name.
Intrested

AIR MAIL



Mr Jack Ruby
Dallas Jit.
Dallas, Texas

14411

Bob Breitweg
41 East 10 Street
Huntington Station
Long Island N.Y.

Dear Jack,

Hi, just received your letter thanking me for the 1.00 and my best wishes. Well you can be sure you still have my best wishes and always will have them to. Well now I hope you can get the trial moved to another town and that you get off with just a reprimand at the very most. I don't think that you will be able to get a fair trial in Dallas and I think the judge hearing the trial is sort of one sided but maybe I am wrong but from my reading the account of the Jury picking it just seems that way. All this business of Mrs. Oswald saying that the Sun was a C.I.A. Agent well what I want to say about could not be put in a letter as such talk is foolish and he was nothing but a COMMIE and they should have put him in jail long ago better yet they should never have let him back into the Good Old U.S.A. I sure hope that Mrs. Tippit and her family comes out all right to as that was a shame to. You know I was once an employee of the Justice Dept. in Calif. and just before I did resign I wrote to the Dallas Police Dept. to try and get a job there but you have to be a resident for so long and that let me see so I came back east with my family. You see I have nine years Police behind me and I like the work to. Well now if I was working now and had more money I would sure send more to you but I am not working now also if I had a vacation coming if I was working I would like to come down to sit in at the trial also to come and say hello to you but guess I will have to settle with the writing for now and if you care to correspond with me well just let me know as I would be glad to write to you as I do consider you a friend and I would like to meet you some day to. Guess I will close this letter now hoping to hear from you soon. If the D.A. or the Warden will not let you write me well ask them to please let me and I will even write them myself and ask if they want me to. Guess I will close this letter now and I hope it finds you in the best of Health and spirits that can be expected.

YOUR FRIEND

BG

Breitweg
41 East 10th Street
Huntington Station
Long Island N.Y.



Jack Ruby

505 Main Street
Dallas ^{H-2}
Texas

AIR MAIL

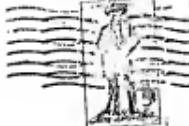
AIR MAIL

1442



Paul Salas
from 152
Holiday Inn
OF OAKLAND
WHITE HOTEL AT HIGHWAY 80 & ROAD
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

1443



Mr. Jack Ruby
St Dallas Police Dept.
Dallas, Texas County Jail

TELEPHONE MARSH
TELETYPE 411-8125



Holiday Inn® OF OAKLAND

HIGHWAY AT HESPERIA ROAD
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

21 Feb 64

Dear Jack:

Thank you for your very nice letter.

Carm + I have been following your progress to Court very closely, we know you have the best lawyer, and if there is anything that we can say or do, Please don't hesitate to call on us. I'd like you to know, that we are with you all the way. Your sister called me when we were in Boise, Idaho. she told us what you wanted to do for us, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for it. We will never forget it. I only wish we had enough money to buy your place, But we don't.

How are you feeling? Fine & hope. From what I see on T.V., you look fine.

"Your Host.
from Coast to Coast"



TELEPHONE 441-1212
TELETYPE 44-1212



Holiday Inn® OF OAKLAND

HIMITZ FREEWAY AT HESSENBERRY ROAD
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Well Jack, our show is at the Holiday Inn,
we've been here for the last 3 weeks, if you
have a moment, drop me a line and let me
know how everything is. And Jack, if there
is anything you need or anything we can
get for you, let me know. Well Jack,
all I can say is God Bless you and
know one thing, We are your friends
forever, and you'll always be in our thoughts
and prayers.

Your Pal always -

Paul

Son
Came + Paul
to



Your Host
from Coast to Coast



1443

February 20, 1964

Mr. Jack Ruby:

As I read in the paper February 10 your statements "that people can live and believe in their own faith and God and let others believe in their own faith and God - " I couldn't help but think of Ephesians 4:5 where Paul states "One Lord, one faith, one baptism" and I wanted to pass this on to you and have you read this for yourself in the bible.

I love people, yes, no matter what faith they believe but do not love the faith which they teach. I believe that people so often really misunderstand the church as they seem to think we dislike the people. That isn't true at all. I have many friends who are of many different faiths. I love my friends but not their faiths. Since I am interested in people I try to show them where Paul said there is one faith; then where he states that the church is Christ's body (Ephesians 1:22-23) and that there is one body (Ephesians 4:4). Therefore how many churches are there? And which church is it? (Romans 16:16) I am sending a page of Saturday's paper which I believe will help you to see this more clearly.

I surely do not uphold you in the murder which you committed (Galatians 5:19-21) and think you should have to pay for it in some way; nor do I uphold you in the type business which you had (1 Timothy 2:9 also Galatians 5:19-26) but I realize you still have a soul and I am interested in every soul that ever lived. That's the reason I'm writing this letter.

I am sending you some tracts to read. As you are where you are, I believe you will take the time to read them and it is my privilege that you have



Mr. Jack Ruby
Court House /Criminals Court
Dallas, Texas

1444

to be in a place like where you are. As Patrick Henry stated near death "Here is a book, the Bible, worth more than all others that were ever printed; yet, it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it."

I feel like I owe so much to my parents as they taught me the bible, made me go to church, had prayer in our home daily and I think of so many children today who are missing that joy.

In all sincerity,
One who cares for all.

Ruby



MR. JACK RUBY
DALLAS COUNTY JAIL
DALLAS, TEXAS
1445

5 Westfield Ave.
Leverett.
Mass. 19.
Monday.

Dear Frank

I fear I can do
but speak to you as a friend
I was honoured to receive your letter which was
poorly. It bears out what I
thought you were blind deep
feeling and an idealist at
heart! It is strange work as
I have never met you personally
but I know by some strange
feeling I have that I know
you personally. I believe you
in everything you have said
in life papers, I have felt



J. Party Esq.
Dallas Prison,
505 Main Street,
Dallas 2.
1446 Texas
United States of America

every sort of news, and photographs,
and I feel I must speak to you
in every way I can to give you
courage to speak openly. Please
whatever you do tell, or let them
know what all will turn out
right. I have been collecting
signatures from friends here
who are my best believe in
your innocence. I am forwarding
copies of paper to all with
the whole of Spain's best.

Only a fraction of us do not
believe in your innocence.
got this letter of you. I have had
an hour talk with the lawyer
of the case who has taught
you were a fugitive. I think
it is better to wait a week
before you go to America.

I am sending on a post

Der Tag ist ein langer
der oft zu einem traurigen
Ende kommt.
Meine Gedanken
die Freude fließt mir aus
und ich schreibe den Gedanken
auf.

Bringen Sie mich
zu Ihnen, ich will dort
gewohnt sein auf Ihrer Seite
durch die Zeit.

Mein armer Sohn,
Sie sind sehr



MR. JACK RUBY
K. COUNTY JAIL,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

11447

To
Jack Ruby:
a good gentleman
whom I always respect.



Dear Jack:

I saw in the paper
your juig & it has been
hurting my heart.
But glad to know
some Dallas people
are in your side
and don't want to be
in the juig. Please do
not worry over please!

Each Irish shamrock
This card brings your way
So a wish for good luck
On this bright, happy day

From
a good friend
who prays daily
Miss Mary E. Carter

From
Miss Mary E. Carter
2716 Throckmorton
San Antonio 7, Texas.



Air Mail

To
Jack Ruby:
Dallas, County Jail.
Dallas, Texas.

14481

II
I dont remember to
pray for you.
all my prayers are
dedicate for you.
everyday.
I ask good friends
to pray so you can
be free from this
trouble.

The best best you
work in all the
World to you!

Yours truly
Miss Mary C. Cantu

Fogermanot
2716 Guadalupe
San Antonio 7 Texas



February 21, 1964

Jack Ruby or hang 'em

Ruby's impulsive law-breaking
was such a beneficent set of quiet justice to a
horrid, clearly guilty, case - got that Ruby
sentence should be no more than 5 or 10 years
for taking the law into his own hands.

The prosecutor is foolishly drastic.

and your place of epilepsy or insanity
should not be visited.

A fair trial in Dallas should depend only
on getting four-minded jurors who like
the idea of speedy justice to Oswald, who
made many mistakes w.r.t whether they
liked Kennedy's policies or not.

Never regret what you did, Ruby!
This is common sense and I have always
been a law abiding Golden Rule saint.

Good Luck,

Alf Prince



Jack Ruby
or hang 'em,
Jail,

Sallee,

Tulsa.

1449

return

Mr. Jack Ruby

Palace of Justice

Texas

U. S. A.

Dallas

1450

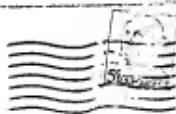
*return to
a friend*



POSTAGE DUE 5 CENTS



John Jacob Ruby
c/o Dallas Texas
Jail



b1451

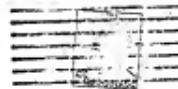
27/2/1964

Dear Mr Kelly
I am hoping for a few lines back -
as this I will find you in the
best of health. Mr Kelly I am sending
you a novena book so you can make
a novena and ask our infant of
prague to help you and I am
very sure he will listen to your
prayers. I am making one for you
so you will be free. I am sure so
many people feel the same way.
So don't give up hope keep your
faith in God and do what God
has given you. My dear friend I am
hoping as very hard this night
now my husband has been out of
work for 2 months and I am afraid
to lose my home as I am 3 months
behind in my payment of the
house - but I have not given
up & am making a novena for
you and me. So if you see when
have faith in God to give them
what they want. Please forgive
me writing so. I don't write
often, I still say a prayer for
you tonight and I will close
and light a candle for you.
Please keep this book and pray
many good blessings you and family
Yours and God's love

Marie Pitts
474 Kathleen Ave
Somerset Mass

We know if you recived my letter
and took it,
Bless you.

Yours truly
Mrs Marie Pitts
474 Kathleen Ave
Somerset Mass



Mr. Jack Ruby
Dallas

452 Texas

M. R. Carroll
1044 West Loyola Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60626



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Jack Ruby
County Jail
Dallas, Texas

1453

Chicago:
Feb. 26, 1964

Temp: 17°

Sun Shining but
pretty nippy - r r r h

Dearest Brother Jack:

We miss your nice conversations and encouragements in all our undertakings. Especially your consolations when the memorial dates approach for our dear parents of "Blessed Memories". So lets be patient and these will be renew again soon, with the help our of dear Lord. I know he is listening to our prayers from all around the world, as our friends and good people have written to us.

Judy and Francine send their most precious love. Harold is doing a wonderful job of child-watching. His mother cooks most of the meals and I do get around to serving hot-dogs for dinner. I do want to help but those girls are self-sufficient -- meaning they set the table, prepare the salads and suggest the kind of desserts to serve. They have new boy-friends --- I mean the b e a t l e s . They know which one is married and just how old each one is. I can see where Judy might be interested in these singers (singers not in my range of music)but Francine is only seven. They even bought the magazine describing their background and to boot a record. I am glad that their record-player broke after the ten time playing this number. I am sure that Harold might of upset one of the mechanism. Good, good.

Ann is still working at the department store, and her hours are so irregular, but a job is a job. Her granddaughter is getting so big and beautiful -- anywhere that is the way she looks from the picture we receive recently.

By was on the road for a few days, but returned last night and we thanked the Lord for his lucky stars, as the snow storm hinder many a motorist and caused a few accidents.

I have been so sleepy lately, and it must be that I don't get enough fresh air. This winter has been quite cold, so I return home immediately after work to household chores -- and there are so many, it's no letup.

Our cousin Blanche is taking the loss of her husband very badly and her family finds it a great ordeal to comfort her. Jay (that was the name of her husband) had started in a novelty business a short time before and for the first time in his life, he had picked a good spot in Morton Grove and business was thriving.

Well, I started this very early in the morning, as I arrived around 7:45 to work, and was so busy today, didn't have time for lunch (anyway this is a fast day) you know, the day before Purim Queen Esther's festival for saving our people. Tomorrow we eat Hamantaschen (tri-cornered almond or poppy seed filled cake). So, please forgive me I will write you in a day or two.

Good Luck Good Health

Your loving sister

Miriam

P.S. I just got a call from Harold to sit with the girls, as he has to work at one of his business accounts later than usual.

Mr. Gary L. Leonor
22106 60th Ave. West
Mountlake Terrace
Washington 98043



Mr. Jack Ruby
Dallas, Texas

Please forward

1454

22106 60th Ave. West
Mountlake Terrace
Washington 98043
February 26, 1964

Dear Mr. Ruby,

I would like to introduce myself. I'm Mary Leason. I read all the newspaper clippings about you. I have studied handwriting for over twenty-three years--even have a diploma in this subject and I would like very much if I could have some of your handwriting--but most of all before you shot Lee Oswald--Do you remember Mr. Ruby writing anything on that day after you heard that Lee Oswald shot our dear President Kennedy when the world loved so. When I heard of President Kennedy's death tears fell unashamed from my eyes. I cried so much my fear your old daughter said in amazement, "Mother, you ~~can~~ cry". I cried so much my eyes were red and swollen. I tried to eat later in the day but the tears fell in the soup. My daughter said "Mother you have cried enough and she shut off the television set. I know the great strain you were under--for the whole world felt its shock. As the Greeks once said "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth".

I will ask almighty God for your life and I knew you could never have killed any man if it hadn't been that you loved our dear late President Kennedy.

If you should give me a specimen of your handwriting perhaps I could convince the world and you will become free. I promise you I will publish it for the world to see. By the way when is your birthday so I could send you a birthday card.

Your invisible friend,

Mary R. [Signature]

P 1454

Officer's Tribute Is Poem

Yesterday morning, a New Hampshire patrolman suddenly died. Friends farewelled to John E. Kenney.

A telegraph operator at the police station read the poem, and decided to send it out to fellow New Hampshire police.

State Police telephone operators in Massachusetts and in Albany received the poem. They decided to send the poem on to other stations.

And on and on the poem traveled, until it reached Troop D headquarters in Oneida. Troopers at Oneida sent the poem to troopers on to Utica, and so on.

The poem, written by Patrolman Donald E. Reinert of the Manchester Police Department, read:

Reinert had under his desk:
The emblem of his office
Ring.
The people murmur with
Affection.
The passing of the
nation's chief.

A nation's tears of grief
are there.
We have no address to
the air.
An emptiness has set
apart.
This day within the
nation's heart
Blew to the chisel, one last
salute.

Along life's even
shoulder, he went
Cape Horn and the Great
Acapulco.
Beneath the stars, so
many, went.

Beneath the final pravers
he lay.
To rest his soul so far
away.
The man who gave so
much for you,
God rest the man who
saw it through.



Mr. Jack Riley
505 Main Street
Dallas, Texas

Street Teacher P.C.
W Main Street
Selma, New York
Dec. 26, 1964.

Dear Mr. Riley,
I want to thank you for
taking the time to acknowledge
my letter. I was very surprised
as I wasn't expecting a reply.
I know how upset and worried
you must be at this time
and I hope my poor efforts
brought you a little comfort.
Just as one human being ^{is}
to another, I hope you rest in
peace. I am forward of me
to write as I did. Because
now I never in my life
wrote a letter to any person
in the public eye but you
have touched my heart.

I said to myself "there is
a good misguided man who
loved President Kennedy as much
as I did, who driven by grief
and anger, arranged his death".

as it might very well have done majority of you
the same opportunity down there from
angry day. I don't accept the Presidents death
and the horrible way it was brought about as
horrible and cruel. Why should he not get any
money? Did he show mercy to our President or to
officer suppose? No he did not! In my eyes what
you did was just justice honorable. I hope and
pray you will be acquitted. You have a very
good chance as you have the best lawyers in
the U.S.A.

I always took a special interest in President
Kennedy and his lovely wife even when he was
a Senator because I am an Irish Catholic born
on May 29th same as he. My great-grandmother
came from Ireland and her maiden name was
Kennedy. I always felt as though we knew
him personally. In our hearts he will always
be with us. God rest his soul.

At the place where I work I have many
friends who feel the same as I that you should go
free. We shall follow your trial very closely and
hope you are acquitted. We only wish we could
help in some way.

I know you must have a few friends down there
because in my family and I watch on T.V. and
you come into the courtroom some one always
repeated finally to you they say "He looks" or "He
looks". I think them in my mind as I watch
and I know that I would be proud to greet you
personally if I were there. You look so lonely
among your friends that our hearts go out to you

LET

Woman investigation

Sir. By devoting your cover [Feb. 14] to showing a picture of the wife of the man who killed our President, you are glorifying the most despicable crime-assassination.

Mrs. E. A. STRAUS

Sir. To encourage people to go to a conclusion before the commission has announced its findings is to undermine one of the basic principles of our legal system.

The entire evidence seems to point in one direction, the more important it is to remember that the man can be exonerated innocent and proven guilty. To do otherwise is to adopt the logic of a Lynch mob.

JOHN T. ENNIS

New York City

Sir. This has become so maladroitly Your story of Maria Oswald's life made me feel like the "sentimental writer" who "tugged up" in Dorothy Parker's remark. The pictures now on Oswald's grave were not too much.

Mrs. RICHARD H. DICKSON
Indianapolis

Sir. For the first time since those dreary November days I felt a pang of pity for Lee Harvey Oswald. Imagine being something like that for a mother.

Mrs. DON GARRETT

Detroit

Sir. An excellent story I wish it were possible for every mother and father to read. Mrs. Margaret and Mrs. Marie McOswald Estabrook, mother of Lee Harvey Oswald. Through her seemingly sympathetic attitude, she can provide a modicum of healthy hope environment, her unwillingness or inability to cooperate with professional people and public officials. Mrs. Estabrook's attitude could play an unenviable role in the circumstances leading to the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Who wants to go down in history? Well, history is replete with infamous personalities.

ELIZABETH V. PARKER

Randolph, Vt.

If you ever need friends or a quiet place to get your bearing, when all these troubles are over you are always welcome in my home. My husband and I would love this sincerely.

Try to look up under your troubles and be of good courage. I know God sees forgive you if you did wrong. He can see in your heart if no one else can and He understands. Put your faith in Him and He will see you through.

So again I wish you well and pray you will be exonerated.

I remain, Sincerely,

Your friend,
Agnes M. Thiel

panned. But we won't tolerate any deliberate delay of the long-overdue debate. That is the 'action' in this session—civil rights and taxes. Nothing is going to stand in the way of passing those bills."

THE ASSASSINATION:

Week in the Sun

She stepped up to the thicket of cameras and microphones her pouch ever during, her lips pursed in a self-satisfied smile, her black shoulder bag bulging with the letters, the photos, and the mementos of the day she had called to talk of "documents." It was at the bus stop waiting all her 50 shadowed years for the one floodlit moment of celebrity. A cruel aberration of history at last had thrust it upon her—the death

shank." But this was her moment to be, before the world, the mother of a free-living son, protective even if he hadn't bothered writing or visiting in the last year of his life. "I still believe my son is innocent," she said. "I believe the assassin is still alive."

She was not all along, but now she excused a surprise she had planned the committee and the press. Her son was simply a "surrogate [sic]... to take the blame for the killing." One of her "documents" had set her thinking—a letter Lee wrote before defects in 1959. "Mother, I must tell you what I want to do now, try to understand," H. Ward Delaplaine reading. "I believe Lee [was a U.S.] intelligence agent." Her evidence? She smiled her knowing smile and asked, "Who can prove he's a CIA agent?" (Next day CIA Director

labeled for a memoir she hopes will be worth a \$25,000-to-\$50,000 guarantee. She plans more "investigation," more speeches, more writing, she is neither anxious nor averse to the opportunities history has offered her to become a public figure. She sees herself, so she says, as more than a "self-effacing" woman with an alleged sense of justice and a mother's本能; "I will employ every means possible to right the injustice done my son."

The man who finally despoiled Lee Harvey Oswald is on trial, Jack Ruby, who shot Lee as he waited for killing the accused assassin. The charge was murder; the defense temporary insanity. But the central question was led aside last week while Ruby's defense headed by staggeringly Melvin Belli put Dallas itself on trial. With a long accu-



While Ruby and his lawyers put Dallas on trial, Marguerite Oswald spoke up for her 'surrogate' son

of John F. Kennedy at the hands, so they said, of her troubled son Lee. New people listened and took notes and snapped cameras when Marguerite Oswald talked. All last week, she talked. And talked. And talked.

First, she talked to Chief Justice Earl Warren's commission investigating the assassination, about herself and her family and the son whom guilt she refuses, most of the time, to concede. Her testimony was not so much as evocation, as a mercurial, high-voltage, off-the-cuff, "I-tell-it-like-it-is" talk. The first day, Warren reported, the commission wedged in only an "incisive question." After a second day, he grinned and corrected himself—"semi-incisive"—and a last gallant member stalked out muttering, "It looks as though we may be here for the duration." After a third, however, she was finished with the commissioners—and ready to meet the press.

Before them, her appointed lawyer, John F. Doyle, had been tugging her gently away from the cameras. "All we

John McCone said Oswald had never been employed by the agency.

The last was, Warren said, that she had no evidence beyond her "speculations—I can't word the specification as she used it—that Lee was an agent. In view of the fact of his defection, that's relevant, 'much of it,' [was] her hearsay, her own opinions.... She has not given us any facts that could change the picture as we knew it up to the time she testified."

"What?" Still Warren called her "semibelligerent." He charged she needlessly publicized it was plain that Mr. Oswald had, at least, acquiesced the commission with the first authority figure in Lee's life—a life that could be read as a running rebellion against authority.

After her week in the sun, Mrs. Oswald had a quiet, yet revealing, return to the shadows. Departing her comfortable-paid suite at the Willard Hotel, she moved into a single and continued holding court for reporters. Then she planned to go on to New York for a speech and negotiations with pub-

licans of witness—among them a former mayor, the criminal bar association president, and merchant prince Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus—the defense tried to show that the city was too important to give up for a day or two. After four days of legal bickering, Judge Joe E. Brown decided against ruling immediately and ordered the lawyers to start picking a jury—in Dallas

Birch View of JFK

The pattern of the intricately stretched plot makes secret agent James Bond's (spectacular) adventures read as absurd as the Federal budget.

John F. Kennedy, the handsome young President of the United States, is a valuable agent of the Central Intelligence Agency, but he has become a liability to his Moscow master. Try as he does—staging a phony invasion of Cuba, collaborating with Khrushchev on a fake "missile crisis," forcing hateful civil rights legislation down the throats of a loyal Congress—he just can't keep

*John F. Kennedy should be back to go on trial
if you.*

Newsweek, February 24, 1964

commodation section. For another, the bill, when it arrives from the House this week, would ordinarily be sent first to the Senate Select Committee on Small Business. If left up to Eastland, the measure would stay in committee forever. Therefore plans have been made to "meet the bill at the Senate door" and, unless the head of some committee and unusual circumstances intervene, it will pass Eastland's committee. But not even that will forestall a Democratic filibuster. And if anything is certain, it is that when the bill does come to the floor, its Democratic opponents will try to talk it to death.

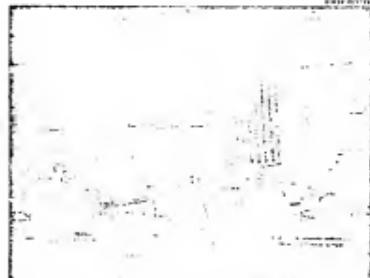
INVESTIGATIONS

A Defendant Who Wants Attention
A Defendant Who Wants Attention
Marguerite Oswald was back in court again yesterday. She appeared in court in an effort to get her forthcoming trial moved out of Dallas.

Ruby told reporters that he has been reading the Bible ("The truth has come to me through meditation") and delivering messages of reconciliation, healing, and pardon to his fellow inmates. He said after being incarcerated as long as I have, I know that most people don't know how small is the minority of people who are the ones who create hatred. They are the cancer on our free society. So many of our great people have been born by them.

"I am not impressed. I am a God-fearing man, but who wouldn't have a fear of death? I am not afraid to die. I face a serious charge. I am a 100% American who loves his country. I love my President; I have instilled fondness in my children. What photographs yelled, 'Jack' Jack' good way,'" Ruby replied. "That's right. I'm Jack. I'm Jack." But at another point, he addressed the photographers: "Instead of yelling 'Jack, Jack,' say, 'Mr. Ruby, turn the way, and I'll be happy to.' " In Dallas, all efforts to attract media attention to goatees, a man with a longer-than-a-week's worth of hair on his chin, in a letter's week in Judge Joe Brown's small courtroom. Chief Defense Attorney Melvin Belli and his assistant, Texas lawyer Lee Harvey, subpoenaed more than 150 witnesses to prove the defense contention that Ruby cannot get a fair trial in Dallas. Belli got a trial in Dallas. Belli brought only 41 of them to the stand. Most of them agreed that it would be difficult for five twelve-ungagged men for a jury to hear all the evidence. There would be possible Department Store Operator Barney Marcus, for one, thought it would be "more likely" that Ruby would get a fair trial somewhere else. But cross-examination administration, and the fact that was at least conceivable in Dallas.

Belli had an agreement of compensation with Dallas Public Relations Man Sam Bloom, who has taken on the job of handling technical arrangements for the trial, including issuance of press cre-



SAM BLOOM ON THE STAND (AT RIGHT). BELOW:

"Don't bark at me," "Don't smile at me."

dicts. During one exchange, Bloom snapped, "Don't bark at me, Mr. Belli." Belli retorted, "Don't smile at me, Mr. Bloom." Belli kept trying to make Bloom admit that Dallas really wanted to try Ruby in their city, convict him, and thereby get rid of some sort of guilt complex. But Bloom was unimpressed. "I don't think Dallas has any such desire to insult," he said.

Judge Brown handed down a decision that is at best indecisive. He ordered attorneys to begin this week to select a venue. The defense, represented by Belli and Brown, "is in great need of whether this trial should be changed to another city." If an impartial panel cannot be selected, he might then order a change of venue.

The defense almost an invitation to Melvin Belli. Said he: "We are going to do everything this side of involving a prospective juror in order to determine if they do or do not have a conscious or unconscious prejudice."



OSSWALD'S MOTHER IN WASHINGTON
"I can talk for hours."

A Mother Who Wants to Write
A Mother Who Wants to Write
Marguerite Oswald last week delivered a monologue before the Warren Commission in Washington. She carried with her a shoulder bag containing letters that Lee Harvey Oswald had written to her from prison, along with a few as well as several undelivered "dearances." Precisely what she told the commission was not made public, but it was evident that the patient investigator learned little that was new or pertinent. Mrs. Oswald told Chief Justice Earl Warren, "I'm not going to change the pattern."

A Positive Parson Away from the commission's hearing room, she held court for reporters who can talk for hours. "I'm not going to change the pattern," she insisted. Lee Harvey Oswald had been an agent for the Central Intelligence Agency, and that he "had been set up to take the blame" for the Kennedy assassination. He was the scapegoat, she said, "not representing it correctly." Frequently referring to him in the present tense, she asked, "Who can prove he's not a CIA agent?" He isn't going to say he's a CIA agent, and the Government isn't going to say he is. Lee, being an agent, would not act as an agent. "If he was, he didn't tell CIA Chief John McCone, who publicly announced that Oswald had never worked for his outfit."

Unshamed, Mrs. Oswald vowed to repeat that "I'm not going to change the pattern." You know, I have a philosophy. I have a deep sense of justice. I even think a Communist is a human being. Even if my son is a Marxist, he is a human being. Even Communists are human beings. Good, bad, ugly, Negroes, or whatever our religion, we are all human beings. We live and breathe the same free air. I don't think a same mean anything. Just because you're a high official, it doesn't mean anything. It's

The annual fire and of her second

the man behind the name. Scorpions are a high official, that doesn't impress me. Even a Communist may have wonderful views."

"I'm independent," Mrs. Oswald said not very convincingly. "I'm not particularly political in particular," Linda Johnson added, "but I offer this because the President did not invite her to the White House during her Washington visit. She was also miffed because Jackie Kennedy had neglected to send congratulations when Lee Oswald was shot.

"After Lee, Mr. O'Donnell, he and Lee just as much as she loved her husband. We're human beings, too. I'm indignant at her, and I resent her thinking we're not good as she is."

Mrs. O'Donnell claims that she has plenty more to tell, but she can't say it. "I have to have something left to write about, don't I?" she said to a reporter. "I can't tell you everything." She plans to visit some New York publishers, hoping to get an advance of \$25,000 or \$30,000 for a book on Lee.

"I don't even think I'll have to have a ghostwriter for my book," she mutters. "No, I do." "Want one? I believe I can write the book by you dictating."

REPUBLICANS

Finally, Zerding In

Like their less ambitious party colleagues, the less Republican presidential candidates have had a week's higgledy-piggledy campaigning, finally seemed to be emerging in on President Johnson's foreign policy, or the lack thereof.

Telling his salts to the locals, Barry Goldwater told an audience in Manchester, N.H., that Johnson's handling of foreign affairs reminded him of "a fellow that just grabbed our six times in a row." In New Hampshire, Nelson Rockefeller and the President "has shown a lack of ability to

lead on top of the important things in foreign policy," Edward Nixon said in Cincinnati, where he found that no one any place in the world where the U.S. is not being blackmailed, threatened, insulted or knocked around by unprincipled dictators." Pennsylvania's George McGovern said, "Sorenson and foreign policy was becoming like the campaign issue in 1964, urged the G.O.P. to "take advantage of this."

"Last of a Mareca," he said, back to the higgledy-piggledy. Goldwater, however, came through. He has the ring of a tempered rubber band, left New Hampshire's sub-zero climate for a region he finds more hospitable, the Far West. In Portland, he was greeted by an airport crowd of 300 sporting cowboys who had come to welcome and sign inscribed, out west, with Betty Ford, and he drew 5,000 with a speech at the city's new Coliseum. Arriving in San Francisco, Goldwater told newsmen that the John Birch Society, which has been supporting him, is a Communist dupes, "deteriorated, but he refused to disavow Birchite support." The John Birch Society is far less of a menace to the U.S. than the Americans for Democratic Action or the American Civil Liberties Union, he people who advocate socialism." Up on Nob Hill, Barry got an enthusiastic reception from 2,000 at the Commonwealth Club, and in Sacramento, he told reporters that the author of California's June 2 primary will be the Republican nominee." Added he, "I intend to win in California—*win big*."

Throughout the week Barry hit the theme of personal unity, warning, "We have to stop the tendency of splitting. He said that he and Goldwater were "more closely aligned on the issue of imperialism" than such Democrats as, say, Wayne Morse and Harry Byrd. But that still left them mighty far apart, and Barry could hardly understand that a "tug between Rockefeller and Johnson" would be a choice of Tweedledee and Tweedledum."

Snowshoes & Skis. Meanwhile, Rocky and Senator Margaret Chase Smith both stepped out into the snow in New Hampshire. The lady from Maine rose with the sun, stomped around in a beaver-skin coat to shield her from temperatures that reached 29 below zero, donned snowshoes to clump around in the snow-covered town of Franklin (pop 200). Annured that she would invariably mention her age, she said that "Winston Churchill was three years older than I when he first became Prime Minister." Actually, he was 65 (Margaret 66). She also proved that she has energy enough for a pair of 33-year-olds squatting in two hours of campaigning before breakfast at 8:30 and making stops in places like Ellsworth, which has all of nine registered voters.

As for Rocky, he rambled through picturesque hamlets in a chartered bus, seemed to thrive on an endless round

of "Hi there, fellah" sessions on frozen street corners. Happy, live electric rays to make me happy, he said, but he managed to make me angry every time he'd bring two of her dear children—Wendy and Jamie—to hear the Beatles at Carnegie Hall (see Show Business). Rocky dropped in on Abbott long enough to thank him for his Boy Scout work, looking for all the worthies. If he were the one who had just been awarded the Eagle badge. But he deserved most of his energy to New Hampshire. He carried a 30-foot ladder to shake hands with three girls who were competing in a competition in snow in Gorham, dropped in on a Concourse beauty parlor to chat with the ladies, and only once during the week did he seem slightly rattled. That came during a visit to Mount Washington State Park, when he was shaking hands with a man and a six-year-old boy pretended "Rockefeller, will you get off my skis?"

You Find Among the rest of the non-Neos, visited Philadelphia and Cincinnati, talked to the press in Florida and Illinois in hot and muggy weather, the nomination candidate Harold Stassen, who looks and sounds more like a non-candidate than the noncandidate themselves, referred to Harvard's Young Republicans, the "most outstanding section of the seven pols" in New Hampshire. Even that was as understatement. And in Detroit, Michigan's Governor George Romney breakfasted with Pennsylvania's Sorenson in the Sherman-Cadillac Hotel, and then tried to persuade the other to jump into the race. Stassen said he would be similarly "delighted" if Romney would run. Romney said, "I would be delighted if Sorenson would run." All in all, Stassen afterwards, "he's a mix of Alphonse and Gaston act." The only trouble with that kind of act is that can be kept up too long.

THE STAR-TRIBUNE



ROCKEFELLER & SCOUTS
"Hi, fellah!"

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BISHOP SHEEN

Oswald Case Raises Question of Guilt

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

From one point of view, it may have been right that Oswald had his religion admitted off to go before the Jacqueline Sore of God. Otherwise, the naturalness of the American trial might have been reversed; an embarrassing admission would have started at the front of the national closet. As it is, a greater weight has been placed on our shoulders. Just suppose he had come to trial. We have already developed an American way of thinking which would make us hard and certainly embarrassing to have reached judgment on Oswald for two reasons:

1. Why could we have found him "guilty"? We no longer recognize that notion. Many of our educators have been buying for years against that division between "right" and "left" and continually trying to lay a heavy charge against a person on the ground of morality creates a "gulf complex." Furthermore, when we are the accusers of secretly any way, but the sediment of society is always there.

The contrast of the sedentary, well-adjusted, leads to frustrations. If therefore, youth wants to give free play to the libido of sex, why should not a man give free play to his libido, namely, a gun? If youths are allowed to do what they please at parties, to take doses and be excused on the ground that they did it "for kicks," then at what point do "kicks" fall under the category of wrong? If it is agreed that killing is wrong, then it will, than repeat it, cannot a defense lawyer, on this principle, have any criminal released, particularly since guilt is "hickness"?

If Oswald had come to trial, it would have been hard to bring sympathetic with Communism and Russia. Great as there has been no proven connection between any Communists and the murder, there is, nevertheless, an unthought connection between the Communist ideology and the assassination.

SUPPOSE a so-called religious man manifested a divine hand and laid in wait to kill, one could not say that his religion proved him at fault. Rather, it would have to be said that he acted against it. But a philosophy of hate, when it is violent

against a human person or religion, acts in character when it kills.

Some very embarrassing testimony might have been brought forward in a trial of this kind. The Soviet Union would do too for they immediately printed the news that the President was killed by the "right wing assassins." When a guilty party does not do it, they say he was a Communist sympathizer, but we had nothing to do with it?

The Soviets Union knew full well that there is a connection between a philosophy of violence and violence, between a theory that killing is right and killing itself and the murder of less men. The Soviet Union immediately arrested Arthur Koehler Wall, saying: "He belonged to West Berlin. He belonged to the enemies of Communism." Really, in modern political history has any government been as ashamed of its ideology?

IT MUST BE REPAIRED. Again that the problem is not the relation between a government and a crime, but between an ideology and a crime. The whole world touches Communism as much as the death of gulf touches the American people.

The Communists consider faith in God as a primitive and superstitious method of production which is based on private property. On the other hand, a devout American either assumes that a belief in the moral law is a relic of Puritanism. If we had to act in a prisoner's dock, we would have to decide between two false ideas that generosity and sympathy are forms of weakness, and that any American who accepts Communist philosophy is as good as a citizen who does

Oswald has gone to a different kind of trial, the one in which an offer is called murder not sickness, and where atheism is called hate and not peace. In the meantime, decent people might seriously examine our thinking, a future trial, and seriously a future judgment. Let us consider ourselves if we are on the right track in our national life by reviewing the Eleventh Commandment which issued from a high voice proclaiming: "Thou shalt not pay."

AIR-MAIL



MR. JACK RUBY
COUNTY JAIL,
DALLAS, TEXAS.



1456

Feb. 26, 1964.

Dearest Brother Jack;

This is my day off so I will attempt to give a rough resume of what chores I have to perform. To begin I like to sleep in a little later on this particular morning since five other days in the week I get up about seven fifteen. I am usually up long before that time but being a Rubenstein well - need I say more. I get up on this day about ten thirty and then have breakfast about eleven o'clock. I must admit it is rather late for breakfast but I kid myself into thinking that I'm losing weight that way. What a joke - so far I don't see where a lost a pound. I received a letter from Arthur and Flo today and they are both working hard and trying to keep busy, and their little girl "Rondine," is a cute little tike. Today has been pretty cold in old "Chi" so I thought I would make a "Kripnach" in case you don't know what is it - I'll tell you. It is a soup made with meat bones barley and lima beans and vegetables. I must even I made it tasted pretty good. I'm typing this with a twisted hip, and it just happened today. I guess when I stooped down to pick something off the floor well lol and behold! I couldn't straighten up when I complained to your brother "Wess" it said "it is due to old age." can you imagine anyone saying a thing like that about me! "But between you and me he may be right. Well, Jack, this will have to do for now - hope to write soon. Try not to worry I'm sure everything will turn out all right. I have strong feeling it will.

*Yours
Lester Brown*

Dear Brother Jack:

Ann gave me to mail this letter, so I am going to give you a bit of good news. The letter from Israel was written by a 75 year young Rabbi who is very prominent. And he use to live in Boston, So at some time in the early life of our dear Late President Kennedy (when he was nine years old) Joseph Kennedy the father took his young son who was not feeling so good so this Rabbi to have a praye said for his good health. And as soon I have the letter translated into English I will send you a copy. So please dear brother gain new

- 1456 -

strength for this ordeal, and we will all be together again, soon.
The Good Lord is listening to prayers from around the world, and
also the United States Federal Government ^{employees} who are my good friends
and most honorably think of you too.

Most Affectionately
John Marion

Postage 13
12/2/64.

Jack Ruby ~~Dallas~~
first came to
ask you for the
fugitives blood from
all pins coming from
to the fugitives blood.
I really think that
your life should
be spared as all
Nancy Casyall was a
very wicked man
destroying the elec-
toral part of the
United States so you
merely acted ^{as my} exactions of Oswald
in this.

I realize that you
took the law into
your own hands but



if you are sent
to jail, only for
a short time, stay
two years and tell
yourself that in this
time you will read
a book like good
old and pray
Jack & do whatever
you are able
to do for the interests
of the people of
America

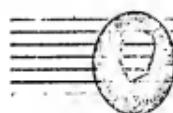
I will also write to
the President Mr
Lyndon B. Johnson
recommending what
I said in this letter

remain
Yours sincerely
Howard Balle

5979 Holmes
Detroit 13 Mich.

145 S

Jack Ruby
Dallas City Jail
Dallas, Texas



5979 Chalmers
Detroit 13, Michigan
February 25, 1964

Jack Ruby
Dallas City Jail
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sir;

My American History has been assigned the project of following the activities of various prominent people. I have chosen you.

If you could give me any information on your early life that I could use in preparing my term paper I would appreciate it.

Sincerely,

Timothy Sawyer Baker
Timothy Sawyer Baker

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Mr. Jack Robinson & Reby
City Hall
Dollar Texas

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Mrs H. A. Stone

17205 Clinton Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio 44107



Mr. Jack Ruby
County Jail
Dallas, Texas

Air Mail

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